

A New Copy of VERSES about INTERLOPERS.

*Since here has been a plaguy Bustle,
Made by that Quack-Embalmer Ruffel,
By Taylors, Cheefsmongers, and Joyners,
(Who Sham, and are base Underminers :)
It is thought fit by some of th' City,
To show their Rogury in this Ditty.*

To the Tune of Packington's-Pou d.

MY Friends and good People all pray you draw near,
from City, from Court, from Country and Town,
Here is a sad Story as e'er you did hear,
most fit in the Annals of Rogues to set down,
Of a damn'd Monopolly,
Encourag'd by Folly.
In burying your Friends, (Oh, unrighteous, unholy !)
Whose Bodies are stript e're they're put in the Grave,
To Cloath and Adorn a base ignorant Knave.

Embalmers those Cooks, who for Worms dress a Feast,
pretend to perform it for very small Charge,
And 'tis true, for their Charges indeed are the least,
'tis your Money that makes their streight Fortunes so
Evn the Vermin they cheat, (large
And like Canibals eat

On that of which they your dead Friends do defeat,
Whose Bodies are stript e're they're put in the Grave,
To Cloath and Adorn a base ignorant Knave.

First, I'll tell you a Truth, (and you'll say 'tis a hard one)
which was done on the Body of W-----Squire,
At Sir Petter Lilly's, hard by Covent-Garden,
and if it be'n't Truth, why then *Fact* is a Lyar ;
In a Room with door fast
Comes Ruffel in haft, (grac'd,

And whips off the Shroud, which the Corps shoud have
And instead of Perfumes. and rich Spices he strew'd
The Coffin with Ashes made only of Wood.

But mark the just Fate that this *Empric* attends,
when the 'Squire he up in his Coffin has Nail'd,
Some Gentlemen come, the Deceased's good Friends,
whose Kindness the Sacriledge plainly reveal'd,
They all do contend,
To see their dear Friend,
And his Soul with their Kisses to Heaven Commend,
They saw him then Naked, and Cold as he lay.
And as he came hither, so going away.

The good Lady Treby, or Hudson I'm sure,
with Sir Thomas Orby, that Knight of Renown,
The same cursed Usage was fain to endure,
each Robb'd of their Sheet, the last Wedding-Gown.
In Pennance may R-----
Those very Sheets wear,
On whom in full Church may all good People stare,

And for his just *Epitaph* let it be said,
Here lies the Wolfe RUSSEL who liv'd by the Dead.

But when-ever he dyes he will need no great Pomp,
no Black-like his Actions, to Blazon his Cause ;
To the Grave let him hurry e'en with his bare Rump,
for the Devil is greedy, and seldom wants Sawce.
What Monster is here ?
(Cry's old Lucifer,

A Joyner, a Millener, Glover, (O dear)
A Wax-Chandier too, and sham Painter of Arms,
All dith'd up in one ! H'has abundance of Charms.

Yet (hold !) I another Blow must have at Parting,
when Broad-Cloth in his Palpe should decently grace,
There was nothing else found by Learn'd Dr. Martin,
but some old rusty Tatters of worn-out Bayes :

But the Doctor too wise,
Saw through the Disguise,
And about this dark Matter did R----- Catechize ;
O Ruffel, thou Knave, (said he) learn better manners,
Or else I'll expose thee in thy own nasty Banners.

Did not honest Tom. Penfon your Roguries expose,
and were they not Truths as apparent as Light,
At Dog-Tavern he'd ne'er have been maul'd with such Blows,
the down-right Effects of your Guilt and your Spight.
But for your Transgression
You must answer at Session,

And take heed that at Tyburn you make not Confession,
For when once you have gotten of Sin such a habit,
You'll forsake it I fear the Devil a bit.

But now I am tyrd, and my Friends too I think,
this filthy foul Matter 'tis time to give over,
For the more we do stir him, the more he will stink,
but be sure you ne'er pay for your Goods ten times
This Caution is good, (over.
If well understood :

Then beware all in time, of this Viperous Brood ;
The worst of all Vermin both here and below,
Who in Mischiefs unnatural those Creatures out-do.

F I N I S.